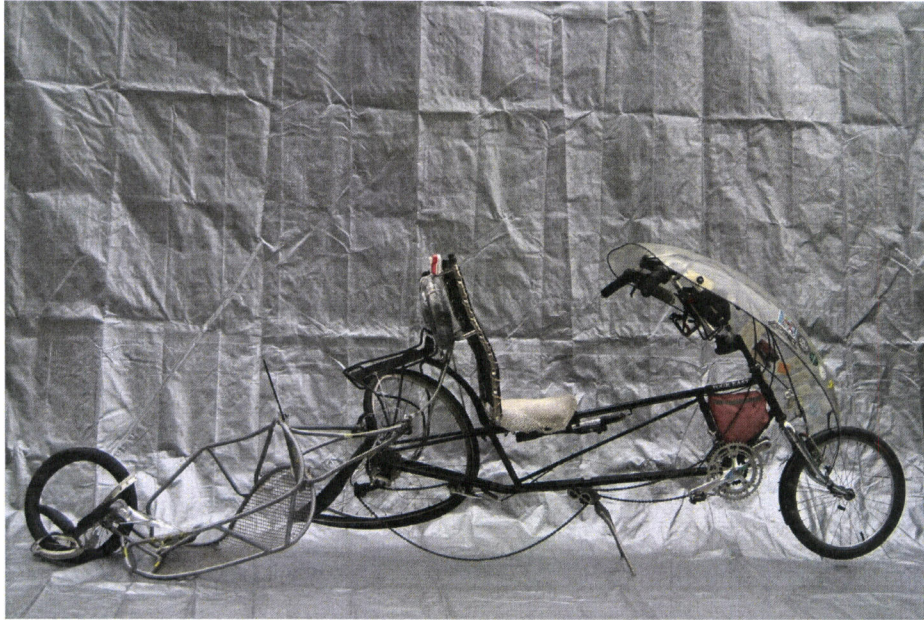


EXHIBIT 4

DATE 01/28/2013

HB 257



Nick Corrado's bicycle hit by a high-speed SUV on Highway 287 in 2009.

Nick and Conchi Corrado

Global travelers, based in Portland, OR

Hit at high speed (60-70 mph) near Three Forks by SUV that refused to give any berth to cyclists.

Conditions were no reason for no berth: blue sky, clear sightlines, straight roadway, cyclists far right.

Nick Corrado: "Five days after we saw you in Missoula, I was hit at high speed from behind on US Route 287 about 12 miles north of Three Forks. I nearly died in Montana ... The careless, dangerous and bigoted motorists constitute a minority, but a large enough minority that they have poisoned the well, leaving [my wife] and me with a very unfavorable impression overall of Montana as a cycling destination."

A Hometown To Hometown Cycling Odyssey

By: Nick Corrado – Portland, OR (ncorrado@gmail.com)

It took nearly two years of wheedling and cajoling, but I finally convinced my wife Conchi that a multi-month, multi-continent bike ride would be a great way to celebrate our 30th anniversary. The itinerary wrote itself. I'm a native Portlander. She was born in Seville, Spain, where we met and were married in 1979. So I suggested, "Why don't we ride to your house?" I liked the circularity of it. I was also intrigued by the possibility of making the journey without leaving the surface of the earth. The plan I envisioned went something like this:

Roll out of our driveway and head east towards Billings, MT, using the Adventure Cycling Association (ACA) Lewis & Clark Trail maps, camping across the USA at a pace of about 55 miles per day. Leave the Lewis and Clark route at Billings and bush-whack through SE Montana to the Black Hills in South Dakota. Head slightly north towards Minneapolis then east across Wisconsin. Cross Lake Michigan by ferry at Manitowoc. Cross Michigan and enter Canada and ride along the north shore of Lake Erie. Drop back into the USA at Niagara and head east toward Albany and eventually New York City. I figured this would take around 100 days. Once in New York, ditch the camping gear, head to England by boat, cross the English Channel by ferry. Then ride south, relying on small hotels and B&Bs, through France to the Spanish border on the Mediterranean. Continue south along the Mediterranean coast of Spain, turning west when we reached Andalucia, and head for Sevilla. I guessed this would take about 60 days. Simple, right?

Far from it, but worth every minute. Well, not EVERY minute.

Advance preparations started in the summer of 2008. We enrolled in beginning French classes at Portland Community College. I requested maps and travel brochures from the tourist departments of the states we'd be passing through. Dick Luetkenhaus, whom we had met at the 2008 Summer Solstice Recumbent Celebration, asked to join us for the early portion of the ride. He'd always wanted to ride the Lewis & Clark Trail, but didn't want to ride it alone. He took over the route planning responsibilities from Portland to Billings, and worked up some impressive spreadsheets with suggested daily stages and camping options. After working through several last minute difficulties and a near derailling of the entire project, we pedaled out of our driveway on the morning of May 29, 2009, about 2 weeks later than originally planned. Dick left his house in Ridgefield, WA at the same time, and we rendezvoused in downtown Portland, picked up the Springwater Corridor Trail and headed east out of town. What a relief it was to leave the headaches of planning behind! Our daily routine was now reduced to simply riding all day in search of something to eat and somewhere to sleep.



The departure delay worked in our favor in a big way. Our son Albert, who had initially offered to follow us in our van with our gear for the first 2 nights, found himself in a position to take a 2 week vacation from work. Kind soul that he is, he chased us all the way to Helena, Montana, where he and Dick made the turn back to Portland. Traveling light for those first 2 weeks, along with Dick flogging us into early-morning starts, had put us 800 miles closer to New York and well east of the Continental Divide. But on our second day of riding out of Helena, our luck took a turn for the worse. I was hit at high speed from behind on US Route 287 about 12 miles north of Three Forks, Montana. More on that later.

We were forced to return to Portland for about 5 weeks where I could heal from my wounds -- mostly road rash, bruises and a broken tooth -- open an insurance claim, find a replacement for my Tour Easy, replace the camping gear that was crushed in my BOB trailer, and build up the nerve to get back on my bike. As a result, we could no longer make it to New York City by bicycle in time for our cruise. Instead, we loaded our bikes into our Dodge Caravan and hopscotched across the USA and Canada, stopping only at the places where we knew we would find safe and exceptional riding.

The van gave us the flexibility to deviate from the shortest path east that we'd adhered to by bike. We rode the Trail of the Coeur d'Alenes in Idaho. We found excellent cycling in the Canadian National Parks of Banff, Jasper and Waterton. Dipping back into the USA, we even dared to ride again in eastern Montana. The van also allowed us to link together visits with friends, most of whom we had met while I was in college in Spain 30 years ago. In 1978, I was one of about 25 students from all over the USA and Canada enrolled in a 9-month exchange program in Seville. During the past 30 years we've stayed in touch. We had our most recent reunion in Asheville, NC, in August of 2008. Conchi and I told them about the trip we were planning (actually, at that point, Conchi was still sitting on the fence) and they blithely said, "Hey, if you pass through (fill in the blank) be sure to come visit." Little did they suspect! We parlayed those innocent invitations into unforgettable homestays and excellent cycling in Montana, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois, Ontario, New York, Florida, France and, tangentially, Boston. Even though we'd seen all

of these people within the previous year, nothing beats spending quality time with friends on their home turf. And since Conchi and I had originally met these people at the same time we met each other, celebrating our 30th wedding anniversary was also celebrating 30 years of their friendship. Back to that circularity thing.

We left our van in Boston with friends and made our way to New York City, where we resumed 'Plan A'. Riding from our friends' apartment in Manhattan over the Brooklyn Bridge to the Brooklyn Ship Terminal and then rolling our bikes aboard the Queen Mary 2 was one of the highlights of the trip. Six days later we were in Southampton, England and rode our bikes to Portsmouth, where we caught an overnight ferry to St. Malo, France. The next four weeks in France were cycling bliss. We cut a 720-mile diagonal from the English Channel to Narbonne on the Mediterranean coast in south-central France. Continuing south, we entered Spain at the Mediterranean fishing village of Portbou with less than a month left to catch our cruise home.

Spain was nice, but a tough act to follow after France. We hugged the Mediterranean coast to Barcelona and then skipped ahead to Sevilla by train and rental car. Doing so, we leapfrogged the harsh and not-so-interesting plains of La Mancha in favor of the much prettier - and warmer - terrain in Andalucia. We were also running out of time and didn't want to turn our last few weeks into a death march. We rode 600 miles in Spain before boarding the Navigator of the Seas in Malaga, which delivered us, after 13 days at sea, back to North America. Before leaving Spain we had arranged for our van to be waiting for us at the Port of Miami. With the bikes back in the van, we started our 3,866 mile drive home to Portland, arriving December 2, 2009. We followed much of the same route that I had ridden in 2002 from the opposite direction during a solo, self-contained bike tour from San Diego, CA to St. Augustine, FL.

So there's the trip in a nutshell. Now to flesh out some of the details, starting with that "incident" in Montana.

After leaving Helena, we made our way to Townsend via Hwy. 12 and spent the night. We wanted to rejoin the ACA Lewis & Clark route in Three Forks, which meant we had about a 30-mile shoulder-less stretch of US 287 to ride. We weren't happy about that, but there wasn't an alternative. Besides, we'd ridden a number of shoulder-less roads along the L&C route to get that far. It was a cloudless Saturday morning with excellent visibility and the road looked to be mostly straight and flat, so we gritted our teeth and set out.

We were within 12 miles of Three Forks when the incident occurred. There had been a long gap without traffic from either direction. Then in the distance I spotted a large, red SUV coming up very fast in my rear view mirror. The posted speed limit was 70 mph, but he appeared to be approaching faster than that. Ahead of us was a long, flat, straight stretch of road with no approaching traffic in sight. We were wearing

bright green shirts and had multiple flags on our bikes and trailer. There was no question that he saw us, but I guess he decided he wanted to play chicken. At the last possible second, he swerved just far enough to the left to pass. I remember the sensation of his car just inches away from me and thinking, "That was WAY too close," when *BAM* I heard a deafening crash. I got launched into Conchi who was riding in front of me and slid to a stop on my side, still holding my handlebar grips and still clipped into my pedals. I can't explain how I wasn't killed outright. Just as amazing, I never lost consciousness. After a quick self-check, the adrenaline kicked in and I was on my feet in time to see the red SUV and a small pickup pulling over to the side.

At first I thought the SUV had hit me, and I think the driver thought so too. I believe that is why he stopped. I hadn't seen the compact pickup behind him, and the driver of the pickup obviously hadn't seen me either until it was too late. I raced towards them, demanding to know who had hit me. The driver of the pickup, visibly shaken, admitted he had. He then went on to explain how the SUV suddenly swerved to the left and he hadn't seen me until it was too late.

It can be argued that the pickup was tailgating the lead car. But as far as I'm concerned, the red SUV caused the wreck. "Wreck", not "accident". It wasn't an accident. It was an act of aggression using a vehicle as a weapon. Hostility towards cyclists is nothing new. We'd had at least one disagreeable experience in each of the four states we'd passed through up to that point. But Montana was a case apart. Though the population is smaller and the distances greater, we'd been subjected to a disproportionate number of loud horn blasts, rude shouts and aggressive intimidation that finally ended in a near-death collision.

Within a few minutes, a number of cars happened upon the scene. Many of them stopped and offered assistance. Before the state trooper arrived, I spotted the driver of the SUV getting into his car to leave. I jogged up to his car and knocked on his window. I told him I needed witness information for the police and the insurance claim. He brought out his wallet and started fumbling for a business card. He was shaking so badly that he could barely hand it to me. No



doubt the gravity of his actions had begun to weigh on his conscience. His business card delivered the first blow of a one-two punch that emphasized how deeply embedded the ethos of hostility towards cyclists runs within the ranks of Montana motorists. He was a staff attorney for the Montana Department of Transportation.

The state trooper arrived to deliver the second punch. After getting a brief update from the emergency medical technicians, he asked to see our identification. Conchi and I gave him our driver's licenses, and I gave him the business card of the SUV driver. He said he would return them in a moment. He told us to wait and took the driver of the pickup back to his car. About ten minutes later he reappeared with the pickup driver, handed us our ID and convened a pow-wow. He said that since it was unclear what had happened he wasn't going to issue any citations. Perhaps it was unclear to him because he hadn't asked either Conchi or I a single question beyond requesting ID, but I kept my mouth shut. I did point out that I'd been hit, to which he very curtly responded that we should have been riding as far to the right as possible, the clear inference being that I should be happy that he wasn't writing ME a ticket. It wasn't until after he'd left that I realized he hadn't returned the business card.

There was no incentive for the police or anyone else to investigate the wreck further. If I wanted to press charges, I would be totally on my own, working from two states away. I'd also have to terminate the odyssey that we had worked so hard to launch. So I walked away from any further action in order to complete the trip. Now that we're back in Portland I've been trying to pursue the issue further, but the deck is stacked against me.

Since the pickup driver's insurance company accepted responsibility for the claim, the few attorneys I have talked to see very little monetary value in pursuing the other driver. Attorneys usually work such cases on a contingency fee basis, taking a percentage of any money recovered. In their view, even the imposition of a citation on the SUV driver at this point is unlikely, let alone any monetary award. I have been in contact with the ACA, the only bicycle advocacy group based in Montana. They, too, are frustrated with the unfriendly climate towards cyclists within their state. To the extent we can use my story to press the issue of cyclist's road rights and safety, some good may yet come from this.

I don't hold all Montanans responsible for the abusive actions of a few. We met a lot of wonderful people in Montana, in particular those heroes who stopped to help when we found ourselves injured and immobilized in the middle of nowhere on the side of Route 287. But the good people of Montana need to understand that their reputation is being sullied by the dangerous drivers in their midst. It comes as no surprise to me that in 2009, Montana's ranking on the list of Bicycle Friendly States compiled by the League of American Bicyclists fell to 49th place. I suspect that most

Montanans neither know nor care about that. But here's a statistic they need to wake up to: According to the U.S. Census Bureau's 2010 Statistical Abstract, Montana had the highest number of traffic fatalities per miles driven amongst all 50 states. This statistic is borne out visually by the ubiquitous white crosses alongside Montana's highways.

www.bikeleague.org/programs/bicyclefriendlyamerica/bicyclefriendlystate/

www.census.gov/compendia/statab/2010/ranks/rank39.html

www.mtleion.org/programs/Marker.php

Experiences and statistics like these caused me to call into question my commitment to this sport. That is, until I got to France, a country that has pretty much got it right from a cyclist's perspective. I was still feeling on edge when we started riding south from St. Malo. We stuck to small towns and country roads. I remember the first shoulder-less road we encountered and the anxiety I felt as the first car approached from behind. There was a curve ahead, and I noticed that the driver slowed and remained well behind me until the road straightened. Then his left turn signal came on and he moved ENTIRELY into the oncoming lane and slowly passed. "Must be an aberration," I thought. But then the next overtaking car did exactly the same thing. And so it was, with very few exceptions, all the way to Spain.

Spaniards were not quite as attentive as the French, but far more courteous than the vast majority of American motorists. During our two months and over 1,300 miles in France and Spain, we were never once intimidated. We never once heard a horn in anger... quite the opposite. In Spain you'd have thought we were bringing home the World Cup. You know the celebratory blasts: Beep - Beep - BeepBeepBeep - BeepBeepBeepBeep - BeepBeep. This was often accompanied by passengers hanging out the windows or sunroofs, waving in support and snapping photos with their cell phones. The French, of course, were more subdued, but still offered unmistakable gestures of encouragement and support. No horns, though. Under certain circumstances, except in an emergency, honking a horn in France can lead to a ticket.

What can account for the difference in attitudes among motorists toward cyclists? Why was our experience in Montana so different from what we encountered in France



and Spain, or for that matter, any of the other states we passed through? Historical differences certainly play a role. France was instrumental in the development of the bicycle before the advent of the automobile. The bicycle has been a legitimate contributor to the transportation equation in France for over 100 years. Montana doesn't share that experience, but that can't explain the bigotry and vitriol we encountered as we attempted to simply ride our bikes through the state.

Just days before the wreck, we passed through Missoula, Montana, home to Adventure Cycling Association. We had our photo taken by Greg Siple, art director for the magazine and historian for the organization (www.tinyurl.com/njq4j2). He has been compiling the National Bicycle Touring Portrait Collection since 1982 and has collected over 3,000 cyclists' images. When we returned from our trip in December 2009, we found a Portrait Follow Up from Greg in our mail. He wanted to know how our trip went and asked that we send in our comments for the historical archive they are creating, "To provide future historians with a unique look at bicycle touring in our era." I sent in this story with the hope that those future historians look back from a perspective more akin to what we found in France, where the law protects, and motorists respect, cyclists.

Ed: For photos and an extensive commentary of Nick & Conchi's trip, please visit the following websites! Wo

www.crazyguyonabike.com/doc/h2h
www.flickr.com/photos/94143449@N00/



My Trip Of A Lifetime!

By: Conchi Corrado—Portland, OR (ncorrado@gmail.com)

When my husband Nick first came up with the idea of riding from Portland, OR to Seville, Spain I thought he was crazy and ambitious. I had all kinds of concerns. First, I didn't think that I was physically ready for such an adventure. But after riding Cycle Oregon three times and a few self contained tours I thought that a cross country trip could be doable. Second, I didn't know if I could be away from our family that LONG. Nick did a solo cross country trip in 2002 and it took him 2-1/2 months, so I knew that it would take me at least 3 months. That was as long as we had ever been gone on a trip, and that was long enough for me.

I told Nick that maybe we should do this trip in two stages; cross the USA one year and Europe the following. That way we would be gone from home only three months at a time. I was pretty sure that my legs could carry me all the way to the East Coast, but I wasn't so sure about the rest of the trip. Nick being a very stubborn individual would not budge. We came up with a compromise. The kids would meet us halfway in New York City and cruise with us to England. We would leave in early May of 2009.

My brother Ricardo (45) passed away unexpected in early March and I was still grieving when my mom (73) had a stroke a few weeks later in April. I went to Spain to be with her but unfortunately things got worse and she never left the hospital. She passed away on May 5. I felt so fortunate that I was able to be with her the last few days of her life.

I was physically ready for the ride, but emotionally I was devastated. I didn't want to go on this trip any more, but after giving it a lot of thought realized that I would be letting down a lot of people. Nick, especially, had put so much time and effort into planning everything and also our friend Dick would not be able to go on this trip if we didn't go. Also I thought that it might help me with the healing process. So it was with a heavy heart, I left for our trip on May 29 knowing that nobody from my family would be in Sevilla, my home town.

As we left that morning I felt a sense of excitement. We had been scrambling until the last minute and it was a relief to know that we were ready, that we were on our way. Nick's parents and some friends of ours came over to bid us farewell. It was very moving.

We were very lucky the first two weeks. The weather and the landscape of Oregon, Washington and Idaho were picture perfect but as we entered Montana we started seeing little white crosses all over the roads. It was very eerie and having traffic going by at 70 mph didn't help. It didn't take long to realize that this was not a bike friendly state.

I usually ride in back. Not only am I not as fast as Nick, he had the maps so he was in the lead. The traffic was so hostile on June 13 that Nick told me to ride up front that day, and that was what saved my life. That day I was so scared that when we stopped for lunch I asked Nick how many days we had left to cross Montana. When he said nine more days, I told him that I didn't think that I could put up with that kind of harassment for that long.

Right after lunch, Nick got hit by a pickup truck and he in turn hit me. What saved his life was his BOB trailer. As I heard the crushing metal sounds a lot of thoughts went through my mind in seconds like, "I knew this would happen!" and "We are dead!" When I got up from the pavement and realized that I'd made it, I

was afraid to look back to see how Nick was. To my relief he was just getting up. His left arm was bleeding but he looked alright. We hugged each other and I kept repeating, "We are so lucky!"

My next thought was of our grandson Jaden. His paternal grandmother had just passed away a week earlier at the age of 50 of a heart attack. In fact, that very day was her funeral. All I could think was, "Jaden can't lose both grandmas within a week."

At that point we had to go back to Portland. Nick's bike was totaled and we needed time to heal. It was a very sad feeling having to drive back through all the places that we had just biked through a few days earlier. Our trip as we planned it was over, but we were very happy to be alive.

Nick was devastated. While looking to replace his bike we found a Gold Rush in his size but he said, "I don't know if I want to invest that much money in a sport that I might not do anymore." I couldn't believe what I was hearing. We love cycling! I told him that I didn't want to hear that kind of talk anymore and that of course he was getting the Gold Rush. He deserved it after all he went through. Eventually he bought it and I was so happy.

It took us five weeks, but we resumed our trip on July 23rd. It was a different kind of trip since we had to drive part of the way, but that gave us the flexibility to see some places in Canada and the USA that we wouldn't have seen otherwise. Also we had a chance to visit with many friends along the way.

Once we arrived at the east coast we went back to "Plan A" except that our children couldn't come on the cruise with us as planned and that was very disappointing. But we couldn't justify the expense since we'd been with them just weeks earlier. The stock market crash didn't help either.

We loved every minute of our trip in France and can't wait to go back. At one point we thought of leaving our bikes there because we couldn't imagine cycling any place else. The scenery is incredible and beautiful châteaux at every turn it seemed. The people respect cyclists and are so friendly. One young couple invited us to stay the night at their house since we could not find other accommodations. And I don't need to tell you about the food! We were very lucky to have connections in four different towns, so we were spoiled.

It was different in Spain. The maps were not as helpful and there were not that many quiet safe roads. But the people were just as friendly and of course we knew the language.

We had another near death experience in Figueras (near Barcelona). The winds were very strong and I got blown down into traffic. Luckily I had only minor scrapes and bruised my left leg. It was very scary all the same and we took the next day off until the winds died down. I couldn't help but think that we had a guardian angel with us.

Once we got to Andalucia (southern Spain) the weather was lovely. We rode through very familiar country, which was



comforting, but also sad because it brought back many memories of trips that I had taken with family members who were not with us anymore. I realized then that it will never be the same again for me when I visit there. I shed a lot of tears during this trip but it was healing for my soul.

The winds got very nasty again two days before we got to Malaga, our final destination. After riding 12 miles under the most stressful and dangerous conditions, we made the wise decision to take the bus to Malaga while we were still in one piece.

All our friends want to know when and where our next trip is going to be, but after being gone so much last year we don't have any plans other than taking our grandson Jaden camping and bike riding. Of course we can't wait to get back on our bikes. We are going to the Recumbent Retreat in August and perhaps on a self contained trip with some of our "Recumbent Nation" friends, maybe to the San Juan Islands or here in our beautiful Oregon.

Highlights of the trip? It's difficult to choose because there are so many but my favorites are: The Trail of the Couer d' Alenes in Idaho; Jasper and Banff in Alberta; Niagara on the Lake to Niagara Falls in Ontario; riding through Manhattan and over the Brooklyn Bridge on our way to the docks; all of France; along the Mediterranean Coast near Girona, Spain, where cyclists train for the Tour of France (lots of hills with the most wonderful views); and riding part of the "Camino de Santiago", the pilgrimage route in Spain, that we walked a few years ago. On bikes we covered in one day the distance it took us three days to walk. Beautiful countryside with oak trees all around and livestock grazing everywhere (we even rode through a herd of sheep).

This was the trip of a lifetime for me and I owe it all to Nick for coming up with the idea in the first place... and for all his hard work in planning and research, a huge task. Also, for believing in me and giving me encouragement all the way. I can't wait for our next adventure together!



